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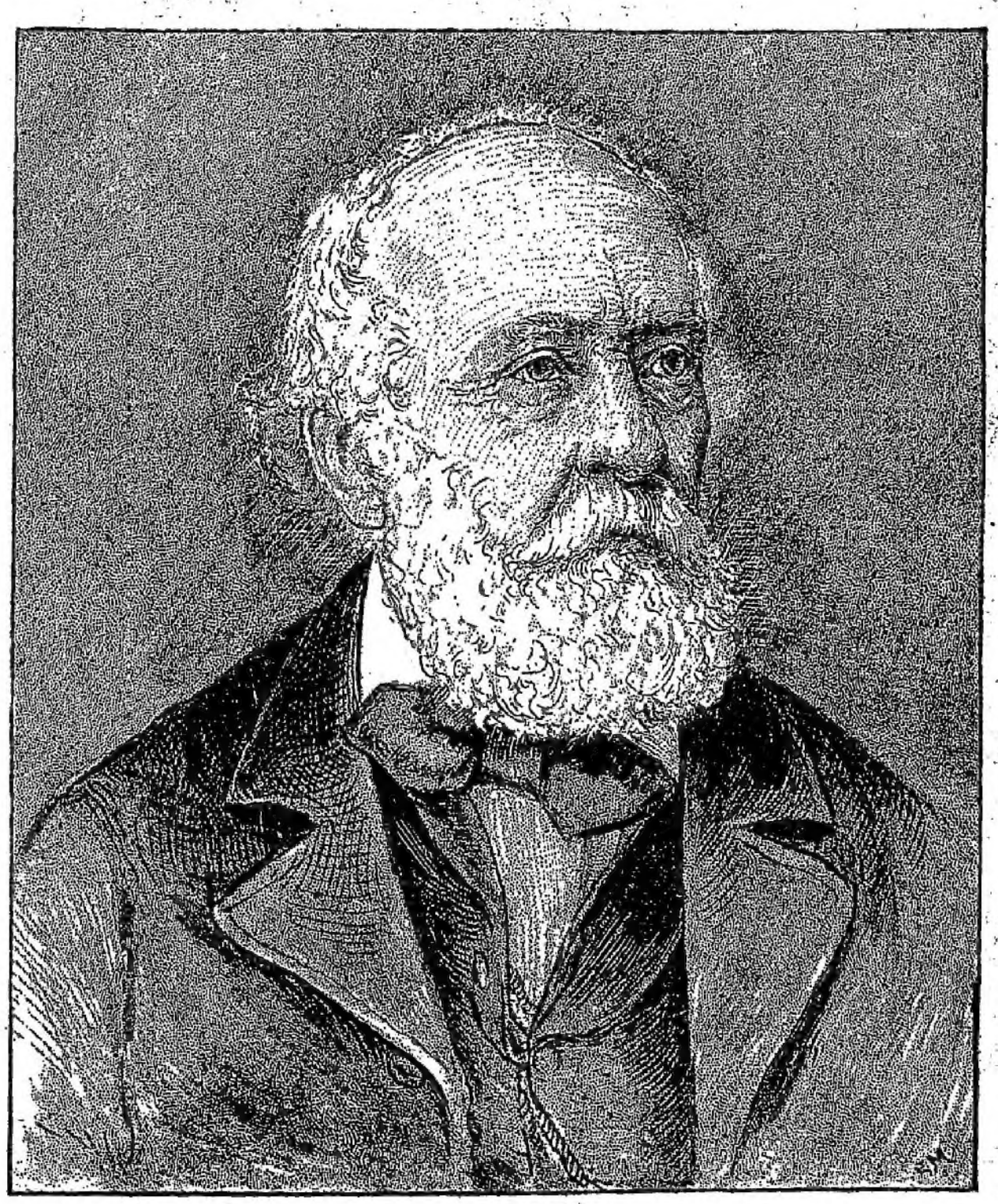
LOUIS KOSSUTH.

'What! only just died? I thought he had done so long ago!' Such was the exclamation of many when they heard that Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot and statesman, who once bulked so hugely on the canvas of contemporary events, had at last gone to his well-earned rest. For more than a quarter of a century Kossuth had been little else but the inmate of a living grave—a grave in which he chose to immure himself with the bitter remnants of a blasted ambition and unfulfilled aims. The grand object of his life had been to emancipate his native country—Hungary—from the yoke of the Hapsburgs: to achieve, in fact, absolute Home Rule for the Magyars.

The original name of the family seems to have been 'Kohuth' (Cock), and this in time was Magyarised into Kossuth. The fact, if fact it be, is interesting as showing the tendency of alien elements to rise to predominance among any race in virtue of their power, as Mr. Froude puts it when writing of Disraeli, of looking at that race from the outside. Was Cromwell not a Welsh Celt among the Saxons, and Napoleon of Italian extraction? Kossuth's family was of the class of poor and petty nobles, and he was born, two years after the century began, at a 'wretched village' (name variously given) in the county of Zemplin, a district, curiously enough, which has at all times been either the cradle or the scene of the greatest Hungarian revolutions. At the age of twenty-six, having meanwhile qualified himself for the legal career and acted as 'factor,' or agent, for Countess Szapary, he had managed to procure a seat, in the magnate interest, in the National Diet at Presburg—a Parliament of which the character may be inferred from the fact that it was penal to publish its debates. But that suited not at all the humor of young Kossuth. The interdict applied to 'printed' reports; so Kossuth, in order to evade the letter of the law, commenced the circulation of 'written' ones. These inflamed the people as much as they alarmed the Government, which endeavored to silence their author by gentle means. But Kossuth was equally proof against cajolery and coercion. At last he was thrown into a dungeon of the castle of Buda, and, after a mock trial for high treason, sentenced to three years' imprisonment. During this time he had one great source of consolation, apart from his fiery hopes of the future, and that was Shakspere, from the constant study of whom he drew that marvellous knowledge of the English language which was to serve him so well in the after years of his exile, when seeking to stir up Anglo-Saxon audiences to sympathetic rage about the wrongs of his native country. There is nothing like a prison for steeling a man to implacable hostility towards his oppressors.



LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Pardoned, on the strength of repeated representations from the Diet, after he had absolved about two years of his imprisonment, Kossuth emerged from his dungeon only to resume his work as National Liberator, and this he did by founding and editing a positive newspaper (the *Pesti Hirlap*—i.e., *Pesth Journal*), which may be said to have created the political press of Hungary. 'It disseminated new ideas among the masses,' wrote Professor Vambery, the countryman of Kossuth, 'stirred up the indifferent to feel an interest in the affairs of the country, and gave a purpose to the national aspirations. Six years of this fearless indoctrination of democratic ideas had the due effect, and in 1847 Kossuth was returned to the Diet, together with Count Louis Batthyanyi, as deputy for Pesth itself.' In his first speech he had thundered against 'official despotism and bayonets' as a wretched means of binding Hungary to the Austrian crown, and a few days later he actually went to Vienna to urge the claims of his suffering country on the Emperor. But it was only next year (1848), when audacious Revolution raised its head all over Europe, including Vienna, and when Metternich—or Mitternacht, as the Germans called him—quailed and fled before its threatening look, that the claims of Hungary were at last allowed. The Diet at Presburg passed some sweeping reforms, and Kossuth again hurried to Vienna to press their acceptance on the Emperor. Soon the Constitution which had been drafted by the Hungarian Diet received the imperial assent, and was proclaimed amid the wildest enthusiasm at Pesth on April 11. Kossuth himself became Minister of Finance, while his compatriot and fellow-agitator, Deak, received the portfolio of Justice.

This was the climax; but now there had to come the inevitable anti-climax. The transition from despotism to democracy had been much too sudden, and produced an effect upon the Hungarians similar to that which must needs be felt by a man if all at once transported from the snows of Iceland to the suns of Africa. A violent political fever was the result, and the Court of Vienna did all it could to intensify its fires. The Croats, whose province formed a geographical part of Hungary, flew to arms; while the Serbs and Wallachs, equally distrustful of the new order of things under their Magyar masters, began to slay and plunder. Hungary, in fact, soon fell into a 'Kilkenny-cat' state of civil war, which was viewed at Vienna with malicious joy. It being the first and highest duty of any Government to maintain law and order within its territory, it behooved the new *regime* at Pesth to create a national army for this purpose; and Kossuth, who had now become virtual ruler or dictator of the country, begged the Diet for money to equip and maintain a force of 200,000 men. A deep silence ensued. At last Paul Nyary, leader of the Opposition, rose, and, with his right arm raised to heaven, exclaimed: 'We grant it!' And presently all the deputies started up with a simultaneous echo of the cry. 'You have risen like one man,' said Kossuth, with tears in his eyes, 'and I bow down before the greatness of the nation.'

The gallant Hungarians have been called the 'English of the East,' and assuredly there are no two nations which so closely resemble one another in their love of freedom and their love of field sports, especially those where 'noble horsemanship' comes in. Triumph attended on the banners of the Hungarians, till at last only two fortresses—Buda and Temesvar—were in the hands of the Austrians. At this stage a wise diplomacy might have secured honorable terms for the Magyars; but Kossuth, who swayed the Hungarian Parliament, sitting at Debreezen, turned a deaf ear to such suggestions, holding that the Hapsburg dynasty had forfeited all

right to the Hungarian throne by bringing upon the country the calamities of such a war. And this want of moderation cost him and his country dear. The Hungarians once more crowned themselves with glory by the assault and capture of Buda, that no less picturesque than impregnable-looking fortress on the rolling Danube. But now their happy star waned and set; for by this time, one deep of despotism having called unto another, a Russian army of 200,000 men poured down into Hungary and, linking hands with an Austrian host, surrounded the exhausted warrior-patriots of Gorgei, and inflicted upon them a Sedan (Vilagos, Aug. 13, 1849).

This, with the ensuing capitulation of Komarom, the largest fortress in the country, which had been so bravely held by General Klapka, was the end, for the present, of Hungary, which was now subjected to a series of bloody retaliations and atrocities such as drew the bitter 'tears of Scotland' after Culloden. As for Kossuth himself, he certainly would have been shot had he been captured; but, after Vilagos, he was quick to flee to Turkey. 'Before I stepped across the frontier,' he wrote, 'I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love; I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship thrown up by the storm on a desert shore. A Turkish staff officer greeted me courteously, in the name of "Allah" . . . and asked for my sword, as if ashamed that a Turk' (being of the same ethnic origin) 'should disarm a Hungarian. I unbuckled it and gave it to him without uttering a word. My eyes filled with tears, and he, wishing me a sound rest, left me alone with my sorrow. . . . Could Adam rest when the gates of Eden were closed behind him—behind him who was driven out because he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? . . . I had raised my hand for the defence of the good against the evil, which latter was victorious, and I was driven from my home—my Eden.' Nor did he ever see that home or enter that beloved Eden of his again. Austria, backed by Russia, and threatening war in case of refusal, demanded the extradition of the exiles; but the Sultan, acting on the advice of France and England, humanely and courageously declined to deliver up the fugitives, whom, for greater safety, he sent to Kutahia, in Asia Minor. There Kossuth remained till August 1851, when he started for England, but was refused permission to travel through France.

After a short stay in England, where he was most hospitably received, he sailed for the United States, of which he made the tour, agitating for Hungarian liberty. He next lived in England for several years writing for the press, speechifying, agitating, intriguing without end. The Crimean War gave him and his fellow-exiles an opportunity of hatching international schemes of hostility towards Austria; but a much better one occurred in 1859, when that Power was attacked by France and Italy. Now was the time for action, thought Kossuth; and, travelling as 'Mr. George Brown,' he went over to Paris and had a midnight interview, of the conspirator kind, with Napoleon, who promised, on certain conditions, to strike a blow for Hungarian independence, Kossuth himself undertaking—such his inordinate self-conceit!—to secure the neutrality of England. He hastened to Genoa, only to find that he had been duped by the development of events, and that Hungarian independence seemed to be as far off as ever—all which he has bitterly set down in his 'Memories of My Exile.' In 1866, when Prussia went to war with Austria, Kossuth and his exiled compatriots once more cast about to facilitate the collapse of the Hapsburg power. But here, again, events outran his purposes, and in the following year he had the intense mortification to witness the establishment of the present Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, under conditions which practically yielded to the Magyars all that they had fought and bled for in 1849.

I say 'mortification,' for Hungarian Home Rule had been achieved, not by force of arms, as Kossuth himself wished, but by means of compromise and mutual concessions, those potent factors in nineteenth-century politics. From being the Demosthenes which he once was, the hero of the Hungarian nation, he now degenerated into something very like a Diogenes. He retired to Italy, refusing to be convinced or comforted. His countrymen were all wrong in accepting the principle of the Dual Monarchy, and he alone was right in repudiating it. 'To me,' he wrote in 1879, 'the old wanderer who has arrived at the verge of his grave, who has no hope in the future, and in whose past there is no consolation, the conviction of my heart says that, as I was once right in the controversy with the enemies of my country, so I am again, now, in differing in opinion from my own nation. I am *right*. The Judge of the World will decide.' It was very woeful, all this! Hungarian independence was a sham because it had been freely granted by the magnanimous Francis Joseph, and not achieved by the peculiar methods of Kossuth; and back to his sackcloth and ashes rushed the ex-Dictator of Hungary, who by-and-by positively ceased to be a Hungarian. For the Parliament of Pesth passed a law whereby a born Hungarian residing, without permission, for ten years abroad lost his citizen qualification unless he returned home to become a member of a community or presented himself at an Austro-Hungarian Consulate. Kossuth would do neither, so that he and his children—in his own words—became 'the pariahs of the world.' But, for all that, his earlier struggles had done more than anything else to found the modern liberties of that nation of which he himself was thus no longer a member: and 'his countrymen'—to quote the words of one of them—'while refusing any longer to acknowledge his political theories, will for ever cherish in him the great genius who gave liberty to millions of oppressed peasantry, and who indelibly inscribed on the pages of the national legislation the immortal principles of freedom and equality of rights.'—*Charles Lowe, in Illustrated London News.*

HOW TO RUN A TEACHERS' MEETING.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

The right kind of teacher's meeting keeps itself up and keeps up the teachers. It 'draws,' because it is attractive. The only way to build up an attendance is to build up the interest of the meeting to be attended. Nevertheless, attention to a few bits of detail will greatly assist in building up the attendance. Have a constitution, a full set of officers, and stated business meetings. Make the teachers feel that they 'belong.' Many a teachers' meeting goes to pieces for lack of something to tie to. Cultivate the feeling of responsibility. Insist on rotation in office. Give every teacher possible some regular duty, if only to pass the hymn-books. Once a year, at least, let the teachers' meeting have a field-day. Get up its finest programme, with a special view to interesting the entire church in Sunday-school work. Then invite the entire church to hear it. Such an open meeting should come just before the beginning of a new line of study.

The teachers' meeting, in many small places, will be a union meeting—of all the evangelical churches, and sometimes of neighboring churches in cities. What finer close to a year's harmonious work than for all the teachers of this union meeting to sit down to dinner together at a genuine love-feast!

Attendance is in many cases increased by providing a variety of leaders. The brightest of men becomes wearisome ere long; his methods grow familiar. The heart of the teachers' meeting is the programme committee, ever pumping in fresh blood. Arrange with neighboring towns for the loan or exchange of helpful leaders.

There is a certain gain in a uniform programme for the hour, so that historical explanations, difficult exegesis, blackboard work, plans for the little folks, lesson analysis, and so on, may be taken up in a uniform order each evening. This will insure against the omission of any line of work.

Let one teacher—a new one for each quarter—be appointed to present within ten or fifteen minutes an outline of work for the younger classes. If this teacher cannot draw, an assistant should be appointed who can. The remainder of the time, after these regular exercises are over, will be at the disposal of the leader of the evening, who will treat the lesson in general. Some such combination of permanent with changing leadership will be found exceedingly helpful and attractive.

Who should lead the teachers' meeting? Teachers. Not exhorters; not conversational monopolists; not lecturers; not the most learned doctor of divinity who is not also a teacher. None of these, but teachers. The obscure layman, if he knows how to ask wise questions. No one for compliment, no one for custom, but every one for practical utility, for learning how to teach.

See that the meeting begins on time, whether the leader is ready or not, and even if no audience is present. There will be an improvement next time. Promptness begets promptness. And let the meeting close on time, though in the midst of the most interesting discussion. All the better to leave a little interest as a nest-egg. Open with prayer. Some teachers' meetings also open with singing. One verse is better than two.—*Sunday-School Times.*

BE PREPARED.

The Sunday-school teacher has to deal with the conscience and the heart, as well as with the intellect. Like the preacher, he must apply the truth as well as expound it. As another has said, 'it follows that the Sunday-school teacher should carefully prepare himself for his preaching work. He should study the art of persuasion; he must learn how to excite the emotions. The scholar's heart must be aroused; the scholar's will excited to action. It is not enough, in order to move the will to action, that the intellect and conscience be brought to judge that the desired line of conduct is right; the heart must be brought to feel that it is good. If a teacher would have a scholar hate sin, he must show that sin is hateful; if he would have him love Christ, he must show that Christ is lovely.' *Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—JUNE 3, 1894.

THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

Ex. 12: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.'—1 Cor. 5; 7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 7: 1-13.—Pharaoh's Heart Hardened.
T. Ex. 11: 1-10.—The Firstborn Threatened.
W. Ex. 12: 1-14.—The Passover.
Th. Ex. 12: 15-28.—Unleavened Bread.
F. Matt. 26: 17-30.—Christ's Last Passover.
S. John 1: 29-37.—The Lamb of God.
S. 1 Cor. 11: 23-28.—'Till he Come.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. Taking the Lamb. vs. 1-5.
II. Sprinkling the Blood. vs. 6-10.
III. Saving the Firstborn. vs. 11-14.

TIME.—B.C. 1491 (Wilkinson), the latter part of March or early in April; the Pharaoh of this time Thotmes III.; or, according to other Egyptologists, B.C. 1300, Menephtah the Pharaoh.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen in Egypt.

OPENING WORDS.

Moses went to Egypt, and with Aaron his brother delivered to Pharaoh the message of the Lord. Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites go, and laid heavier burdens upon them. The Lord's demand was repeated, but Pharaoh still refused. Nine terrible plagues only left him more stubborn than before. Last came the most dreadful, the death of the firstborn in every family. Our lesson tells us what the Israelites were to do on the night of this plague.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

2. *This month*—Abib and Nisan, parts of our March and April. *First month*—because the Israelites then began their history as a nation. 4. *Too little*—Josephus says that not less than ten formed a paschal company. 5. *Of the first year*—the period of complete growth. 6. *Keep it up*—apart from others. (See Heb. 7: 26.) *In the evening*—between three and six o'clock. 7. *Strike it*—sprinkle it upon the posts and headpiece of the doors—an emblem of the blood of Christ. 8. *Unleavened bread*—thin cakes made without yeast. 9. *Sodden*—boiled. 11. *Loins girded*—garments held up by a belt, ready for travelling. *The Lord's passover*—a sign of his passing over you when he comes to destroy the Egyptians. 14. *A memorial*—a means of reminding. *For ever*—the Lord's Supper has taken its place among Christians.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what work was Moses called? Who was his helper? What did they demand of Pharaoh? How did Pharaoh treat the demand? What plagues were sent? What was threatened? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. TAKING THE LAMB. vs. 1-5.—When was the Passover to be observed? What was the principal thing in it? What kind of a lamb was to be chosen? What did the lamb represent? 1 Pet. 1: 19; John 1: 29.

II. SPRINKLING THE BLOOD. vs. 6-10.—When was the lamb to be slain? What was to be done with the blood? How did this represent Christ? How was the lamb to be cooked? How was it to be eaten? What was to be done with the remnants? What do we read in 1 Cor. 5: 7, 8?

III. SAVING THE FIRSTBORN. vs. 11-14.—What was this feast to be called? What would happen while they were eating it? Whom would the Lord smite? Whom would he *pass over*? How would they be saved? By whose blood may we be saved? What would this day be to them? A *memorial* of what? How long were they to keep it? What is the Lord's Supper?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ is the Lamb of God slain for us.
2. We may be saved by Christ's blood.
3. Only those who trust in the blood of Christ can be saved.
4. If we love the Lord Jesus, we should say so by coming to the Lord's Supper.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was threatened as the tenth plague upon the Egyptians? Ans. The slaying of the firstborn.
2. What was each family of the Israelites commanded to do on the night of this plague? Ans. Every family was commanded to kill a lamb and sprinkle its blood on the door-posts.
3. What were they to do with the lamb? Ans. They were commanded to roast and eat it.
4. Why was this service called the Passover? Ans. Because the Lord passed over the houses where he saw the blood, and did not slay the firstborn.
5. Who is our Passover? Ans. Christ, the Lamb of God, sacrificed for us.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10, 1894.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.—Ex. 14; 19-29.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'By faith they passed through the Red Sea.'—Heb. 11: 29.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

M. Ex. 12: 29-51.—Leaving Egypt.
T. Ex. 13: 1-22.—On the Way.
W. Ex. 14: 1-18.—Pursued by Pharaoh.
Th. Ex. 14: 19-31.—Passage of the Red Sea.
F. Ex. 15: 1-21.—The Song of Deliverance.
S. Psalm 105: 1-12.—Deliverance Remembered.
S. Isa. 63: 1-19.—By the Right Hand of Moses.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The People Protected. vs. 19, 20.
II. The Sea Divided. vs. 21, 22.
III. The Egyptians Destroyed. vs. 23-29.

TIME.—B.C. 1491 (Wilkinson), the latter part of March or beginning of April; the Pharaoh of this time Thotmes III.; or, according to other Egyptologists, B.C. 1300, Menephtah the Pharaoh.

PLACE.—The Red sea.

OPENING WORDS.

On the night of the Passover the firstborn of the Egyptians were slain. Struck with terror, Pharaoh sent to Moses and Aaron and bade them leave Egypt. But as soon as they were gone Pharaoh was sorry that he had let them go, and pursued them with his army to bring them back. He came up with them near the Red sea, with mountains on their right and before them and the sea on the left. Our lesson tells us how the Lord saved them.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

19. *Angel of God*—Christ as he appeared to men before he was born into the world. *The pillar*—the token of God's presence. It showed a bright side to the Israelites, but was a wall of blackness to their foes. 21. *The sea*—the Red sea. 22. *Were a wall unto them*—a defence on each side. 23. *Went in after them*—probably without knowing, from the darkness of the cloud before them, that they were on the bared bed of the sea. 24. *Morning watch*—between two o'clock and sunrise. *The Lord looked*—the dark cloud before the Egyptians was suddenly lighted up with a blaze of flame. *Troubled*—struck them with terror and threw them into confusion. 27. *The sea returned*—the waters rolled in so rapidly that not one of the Egyptians escaped.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What took place while the Egyptians were eating the Passover? What did Pharaoh do? To what place did he pursue the Israelites? How were the Israelites shut in? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE PEOPLE PROTECTED. vs. 19, 20.—Who went before the Israelites? In what did he appear? To what place did the cloud remove? What was it to the Egyptians? What to the Israelites?

II. THE SEA DIVIDED. vs. 21, 22.—Through what was a path opened to the Israelites? How was the sea divided? What did the Israelites do? What did this show? Heb. 11: 29. What did the Lord do for them?

III. THE EGYPTIANS DESTROYED. vs. 23-29.—What did the Egyptians attempt? How were they troubled? What did they find out when it was too late? What did they then try to do? What was the Lord's command to Moses? What then took place? What became of the Egyptians? What did the Israelites do? By whom were they delivered? v. 30. What did they see? How did this miracle effect them? v. 31.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God leads and protects those who obey him.
2. He leads them often in strange ways, but in the end it is the best way.
3. When he commands us to go forward, he will open a way for us through all difficulties.
4. Every sinner brings about his own ruin.
5. Every soul saved by Christ, the Son of God, can look back to a deliverance as great as this.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did the Lord lead the Israelites out of Egypt? Ans. By a pillar of cloud.
2. What miracle was wrought at the Red sea? Ans. The waters were divided.
3. How did the Israelites cross the Red sea? Ans. They went through on dry ground.
4. What did the Egyptians do? Ans. They attempted to follow them.
5. What took place when the Egyptians were in the Red sea? Ans. The waters returned, and they were destroyed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A MOTHER'S VICTIM.

A TRUE STORY FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Mrs. Benton was baking. When she had put the last pie into the oven, she stepped to the door, and called 'Johnny!'

A bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little boy came bounding up the steps, and stood before her.

'What you want, mama?' he asked.

'I want you to run to the grocery right quick, and get me some eggs. Wait a moment, and I'll give you some money.'

She stepped into the sitting-room, and, going over to the mantel, put out her hand to take the change she thought was there. To her surprise it was gone, and she stood for a moment with a puzzled look on her face.

'I surely put a quarter there this morning,' she thought. Then the puzzled look gave place to one of mingled annoyance and pain. She was positive she had laid that money there on the corner of the mantel after her husband had left the house that morning. The front door had been closed and locked all the time, and nobody but herself and the little boy had been in the room. Had Johnny taken it? The thought startled her. 'But he must have taken it,' she told herself; 'for I know I put it right here after Mr. Benton went away, and there was no one else to take it. Oh, to think my boy would be dishonest—after all my teaching!'

Without taking time to consider the possibility of being mistaken, she turned upon the child, who followed her into the room, and demanded:

'Johnny, did you see that money I laid here this morning? Tell me the truth!'

'Why, no, mama; I didn't see it,' answered the boy at once.

'Are you going to tell me a falsehood, besides taking what does not belong to you?' asked the mother angrily, 'I shall punish you for that. You needn't deny it, Johnny; mama knows you took it, and it grieves her very much that you would take anything that doesn't belong to you,—and then tell a falsehood about it. It's too much; mama is ashamed of you!'

Poor little Johnny burst into tears.

'Mama,' he sobbed, 'I didn't take your money,—as true as anything, I didn't. I'—

'Don't say another word!' interrupted the mother, too angry to be reasonable. 'I tell you, I know you did take it, because nobody has been in here but you; and I know I laid it there after your papa went away this morning. I shall punish you well. Sit down there till I come back, and I'll see if I can't make you tell the truth, any way.' And pushing him into the nearest chair, she left the room.

She came back presently, with a switch in her hand and a determined look on her face. To her surprise, the little boy rose from his chair as she entered the room, and came toward her.

'Mama,' he said, raising a tear-stained little face to meet the angry look she cast upon him,—'mama, I've been praying to God, and I know he'll help me out of this.'

'How do you know he will?' the mother asked, somewhat startled. 'Who told you he would?'

'My Sunday-school teacher said so. She said if we ever got into trouble, to just ask God to help us, and he would. And so I asked him to help me out of this trouble, and I believe he will.' And the brown eyes filled with tears again.

If this were anything but a true story, I should make it read that the mother gladly stayed the punishment of her child until his guilt was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. But, strangely enough, this real mother was more angry than before, and made the punishment more severe because of his 'hypocrisy,' as she called it.

When Mr. Benton came home to dinner that day, he was told the whole story, his wife expressing much sorrow that their little boy had not only taken the money, and then tried to conceal it with a falsehood, but had acted the hypocrite besides.

When she had finished, Mr. Benton said sadly:

'Well, I am very sorry this has happened, I am sure. You are mistaken about having put the money there after I left. Jenny, I took that money myself.'

I will leave you to imagine the mother's feelings. But I am glad to tell you she took the lesson to heart. In relating the incident to a friend afterwards, she said, with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes:

'Poor little fellow! It did not help him out of his trouble to pray that time, but I assure you it will in the future.'—*Elizabeth in Sunday-School Times.*

HOUSECLEANING TIME.

Every right-minded woman, now that Lent and Easter are passed, should turn her attention towards spring housecleaning. If she belongs to the good, old-fashioned sisterhood, she will proceed as rapidly as possible to give her home the inviting air of a barn, to drive her husband to drink and to estrange her children in the mad upheaval she will effect throughout the house. But she may not belong to this set. She may be anxious to do her spring housecleaning according to the most approved modern methods and may not know how to. To such women these helpful suggestions are addressed.

In the first place, it is a mistake to undertake the whole job in a day or two. Keep at least two rooms habitable. Do not have all the floors bare and all the windows curtainless at the same time. It is also false economy to take the servant from her regular duties and set her to cleaning. It is much better to let her do the laundry work, the cooking, the weekly baking and all her duties in their regular order, and to hire a woman for part, at least, of every day to help the mistress of the house.

Closets and cupboards may be cleared of their belongings, scrubbed, dried and repapered, without any particular confusion. All these and other minor parts of the work may be done first and the men of the house never know that the awful period of housecleaning has begun. When the larger parts of the process are entered upon, one room should be taken at a time. Its carpet may be taken up and shaken. If the walls need repapering or repainting, that should be done before the floors are touched. Then the windows should be washed and the floor washed, stained, oiled or treated to whatever rejuvenating process it needs. Then the curtains, cleaned and freshened, should be restored to their places, the summer rugs laid and the furniture, cleaned and repaired, replaced. The picture frames should be retouched, if they need it, and the pictures rehung.

If each room is treated in this way the general confusion which used to be synonymous with spring cleaning is escaped. There is always a large part of the house habitable and the woman of the house need never be the tired, exhausted creature she used to be under the ancient trying process.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

In my experience I have found invaluable help in books, writes Eleanor B. Amerman on a discussion on 'Children and the Sabbath' in the May *Ladies' Home Journal*. Almost every child likes to be read to. I have tried to choose books which would widen the children's field of scriptural knowledge, and they have listened to so much about the land of Palestine, its hills and valleys and grand old mountains, its plains and rivers and seas, and its principal cities and villages, that they think of it now as a real place, where people live, and where the flowers grow, and the birds sing, and where little children play, just as they do in other countries. And we have found so many beautiful bible stories connected with these different places, both in the Old and New Testaments.

I have read to the children from the lives of great missionaries, of their labors among the heathen for Christ, and as they hear these stories—these thrilling stories which are all true—of noble self-sacrifice, dauntless courage and patient perseverance in the Master's service, do you not think, with me, that they will be filled with a desire to be like these men, 'faithful over a few things?' They hear of foreign lands, of queer people who 'sit in darkness,' of heathen customs and religious rites and ceremonies. They hear, too, of the change wrought in these people by the working of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

It is best that you should not do all the reading yourself. Let there be some magazine, paper or book suitable for the day, which the children may have to read themselves and let these be reserved for Sunday.

LIME WATER.

The uses of so homely an article as lime about the household are almost innumerable. One sees the hodman on a new building keep his drinking water in a pail coated with lime, and one thinks it is a poor receptacle for the universal beverage. Yet it would not be so good or so pure served in a silver ice pitcher. A tablespoonful of lime water in a glass of milk is a remedy for summer complaint. It corrects acidity of the stomach. It prevents the turning of milk or cream, and a cupful added to bread sponge will keep it from souring. Allowed to evaporate from a vessel on the stove, it will alleviate the distresses due to lung fever, croup or diphtheria. It will sweeten and purify bottles, jugs, etc.

Lime itself, as every one knows, is invaluable as a purifier and disinfectant. Sprinkled in cellars, or closets, where there is a slight dampness, it will not only serve as a purifier, but will prevent the invasion of noxious animals. It is one of the notable instances of the economy and the bounty of Nature that this article so common and cheap is serviceable in so many instances.

TEASING.

Few habits into which children fall are more reprehensible than that of teasing, and one child can afflict as much misery on another by teasing or 'plaguing' as in any other way possible. Bad as this habit is in children, it is much worse in parents. In a child it may be excused under the head of thoughtlessness or ignorance, but no such excuse as that can be made for grown people, and especially parents. No man or woman has any right to bring helpless beings into the world and then render their lives wretched through the torture of teasing; for nothing less than torture is it to a sensitive child, and many a child is rendered extremely nervous as much by teasing as anything else.

A friend relates the following instance: 'While travelling one day, a father, mother and a little boy about five years old entered the same car, and took a seat with the little fellow kneeling beside the window, his arms resting on the sill. No sooner were they comfortably settled than the father began amusing himself by pulling the child's ears, pinching his cheeks, shoving his elbows off the window sill, and pulling his feet. At every manifestation of anger or impatience the father would throw his head back and laugh. At last he made the boy cry, and his enjoyment had now evidently reached a climax as he kept saying in an audible whisper, "Cry baby! cry baby!

'The poor little fellow was a pitiful object. He was very thin, had tiny bones, and was evidently worn out nervously and without doubt his physical condition was due to the thoughtless cruelty of his father, a big, healthy, careless, fun-loving man—monster—selfish and dense to every finer emotion. The patient expression on the mother's face, as she mechanically soothed the boy, proved that the experience was too common to even arouse comment in her mind.'

In conclusion we will give an extract from the report of the proceedings of a well-known woman's club: 'How would you break a child of the habit of teasing? was a question. 'By breaking older people off the habit of teasing the child,' was the answer, which contained the whole truth in a nutshell.—*By Clara S. Everts, in Farm, Field and Fireside.*

NERVOUSNESS.

Nervousness is a condition not easy to define; but the common use of the term in every-day speech indicates the commonness of the thing itself. There are few persons, indeed, who have not at some time suffered from irritability of the nerves and its accompanying depression.

It is to be remembered that this state always indicates a falling away from the normal standard of health. It should be taken as a danger-signal, a notice from the nerves that something is wrong. The cause of the trouble is sometimes easily found, as, for example, temporary or habitual loss of sleep; or the difficulty may be more deeply seated and more serious.

Whatever its cause, nervousness indicates a lack of nervous force, a lowering of vital energy. Somewhere a tap is loose, and waste is proceeding more rapidly than repair. In such a state of things, the performance of every voluntary action and of every unconscious organic function is affected unfavorably.

Women suffer from nervousness more commonly than men. It is a mistake, however, to think that there is any material difference between the nerve structure of the two sexes. Unfavorable surroundings and occupations account for the greater frequency of nervous diseases among women. Farmers are rarely affected with nervousness. Farmers' wives are almost proverbially so affected.

Loss of sleep, indigestion, grief or worry, and many other functional causes may produce nervousness. Doubtless the most frequent cause is lack of sufficient out-of-door air and of moderate exercise.

It is too common for nervous people to think their complaint too trivial for a physician's notice. Strict inquiry as to the manner of life often reveals errors the correction of which relieves the condition and averts serious disease.

'Overwork does not kill, but overworry does,' some one has said, with a measure of exaggeration. Excessive work may no doubt shorten life, but constant worry over every-day cares is sure to do so.

Ceaseless cares exhaust the nervous energy. Change of occupation and of scene allows the nervous force—the cerebral gray matter—to become restocked. Nervous matter is actually consumed in performing the details of every-day existence, just as muscular tissue is expended in exercise.

A spring kept at a constant tension surely loses its elasticity, while one which is frequently unbent does not. The figure is a good one to apply to mental and nervous experience.—*Youth's Companion.*

NEATNESS.

The difference between really nice housekeeping and its opposite is mainly discernible in trifles. A crumpled tablecloth, though ever so clean, gives the sense of discomfort to all at the table, and salt-cellars, seldom properly refilled, impart an air of neglect which the best viands do not dissipate. A bright grate-fire is an ornamental adjunct to any room; but the same, if choked with ashes, and half-dead, is as disagreeable a feature as one can imagine. A house may shine with cleanliness, yet have an untidy vestibule and door-yard, which eclipses the whole establishment.—*L. T. V., in Christian Intelligencer.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

HOMINY requires eight hours' steady cooking to be at its best and bring out the finest flavor.—*Laws of Life.*

CORN RICE MUFFINS.—Well cooked rice may be added to any muffin or pancake batter without changing the proportions as given in other receipts, as the rice simply helps to make the muffins lighter.

POTATO BALLS.—Moisten two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes with one-half cupful of hot milk, and when softened stir in two salted, well beaten eggs. Drop carefully from a spoon into flour or egg and crumb them—the mixture should be very soft—and brown either in hot butter or boiling fat.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Sprinkle graham flour into milk, or milk and water, stirring slowly, but as soon as the mixture is stiff enough to drop from the spoon, stop stirring or the lightness will all be stirred out. Bake in the heated iron muffin cups. This bread will be perfectly light without anything but the brains that are put into the mixing.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Mince roughly six onions, three carrots, one turnip, and two lettuces, or a cabbage; wash and dry these well. Melt three ounces of clarified dripping in a large pan, add the vegetables, cover the pan, and toss the contents till well mixed, then add 1½ quarts of water. Let it come to a boil in the uncovered pan, season and skim well. Boil all for half an hour, then cover pan, and simmer slowly till the vegetables are done. Make some little slices of stale bread, pour the soup on them and serve very hot.

CORN MUFFINS without baking powder. Pour over one cup of corn meal, three quarters of a cup of boiling water, and gradually add the same amount of cold milk mixed with the yolk of one egg. If it is not put in gradually the mixture will be lumpy. Stir in one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a level teaspoon of sugar, not to make it taste sweeter but to give a sweet flavor. Beat the white of egg to a stiff froth and stir in last. Meanwhile have the cast iron gem cups heating in the oven, place on top of the stove while filling, bake in a quick oven. These muffins are light and porous and have a more delicious flavor, besides being more wholesome than they would be if made with baking powder.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

At the conclusion of the last lecture I showed you some curious experiments with a fountain of water, which I have now to explain. Consider what I have said about a liquid cylinder. If it is a little more than three times as long as it is wide, it cannot retain its form; if it is made very much more than three times as long, it will

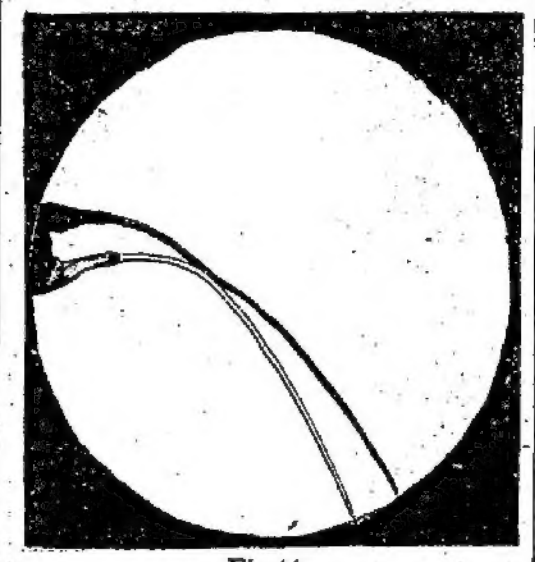


Fig 44.

break up into a series of beads. Now, if in any way a series of necks could be developed upon a cylinder which were less than three diameters apart, some of them would tend to heal up, because a piece of a cylinder less than three diameters long is stable. If they were about three diameters apart, the form being then unstable, the necks would get more pronounced in time, and would at last break through, so that beads would be formed. If necks were made at distances more than three diameters apart, then the cylinder would go on breaking up by the narrowing of these necks, and it would most easily break up into drops when the necks were just four and a half diameters apart. In other words, if a fountain were to issue from a nozzle held perfectly still, the water would most easily break into beads at the distance of four and a half diameters apart, but it would break up into a greater number closer together, or a smaller number further apart, if by slight disturbances of the jet very slight waists were impressed upon the issuing cylinder of water. When you make a fountain play from a jet which you hold as still as possible, there are still accidental tremors of all kinds, which impress upon the issuing cylinder slightly narrow and wide places at irregular distances, and so the cylinder breaks up irregularly into drops of different sizes and at different distances apart. Now these drops, as they are in the act of separating from one another, and are drawing out the waist, as you have seen, are being pulled for the moment towards one another by the elasticity of the skin of the waist; and, as they are free in the air to move as they will, this will cause the hinder one to hurry on, and the more forward one to lag behind, so that unless they are all exactly alike both in size and distances apart they will

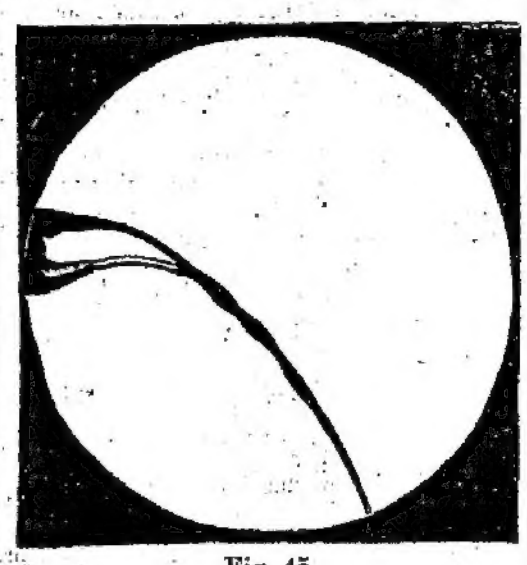


Fig. 45.

many of them bounce together before long. You would expect when they hit one another afterwards that they would join, but I shall be able to show you in a moment that they do not; they act like two india-rubber balls, and bounce away again. Now it is not difficult to see that if you have a series of drops of different sizes and at irregular distance bouncing against one another frequently, they will tend to separate and to fall, as we have seen, on all parts of the paper down below. What did the sealing-wax or the smoky flame do? and what can the musical sound do to stop this from happening? Let me first take the sealing-wax. A piece of sealing-wax rubbed on your coat is electrified, and will attract light bits of paper up to it. The sealing-wax acts electrically on the different water-drops, causing them to attract one another, feebly, it is true, but with sufficient power where they meet to make them break through the air-film between them and join. To show that this is no fancy, I have now in front of the lantern two fountains of clear water coming from separate bottles, and you can see that they bounce apart perfectly (Fig 44). To show that they do really bounce, I have colored the water in the two bottles differently. The sealing-wax is now in my pocket; I shall retire to the other side of the room, and the instant it appears the jets of water coalesce (Fig 45). This may be repeated as often as you like, and it never fails. These two bouncing jets are in fact one of the most delicate tests for the presence of electricity that exist. You are now able to understand the first experiment. The separate drops which bounced away from one another, and scattered in all directions, are unable to bounce when the sealing-wax is held up, because of its *electrical action.* They therefore unite,

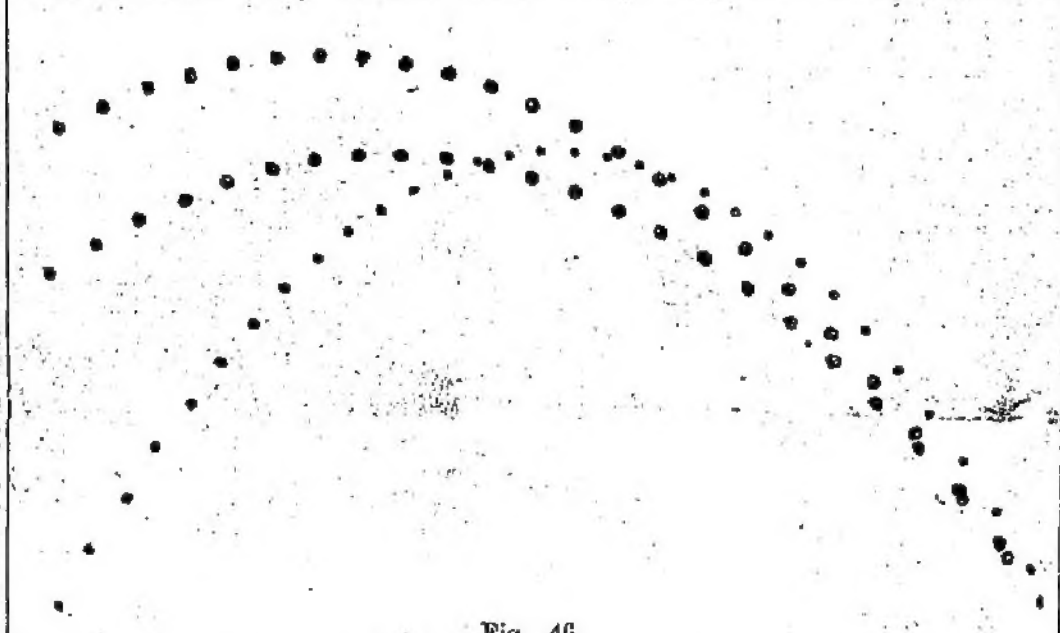


Fig. 46.

and the result is, that instead of a great number of little drops falling all over the paper, the stream pours in a single line, and great drops, such as you see in a thunder-storm, fall on the top of one another. There can be no doubt that it is for this reason that the drops of rain in a thunder-storm are so large. This experiment and its explanation are due to Lord Rayleigh.

The smoky flame, as lately shown by Mr. Bidwell, does the same thing. The reason probably is that the dirt breaks through the air-film, just as dust in the air will make the two fountains join as they did when they were electrified. However, it is possible that oily matter condensed on the water may have something to do with the effect observed, because oil acts quite as well as a flame, but the action of oil in this case, as when it smooths a stormy sea, is not by any means so easily understood.

When I held the sealing-wax closer, the drops coalesced in the same way; but they were then so much more electrified that they repelled one another as similarly electrified bodies are known to do, and so the electrical scattering was produced.

You possibly already see why the tuning-fork made the drops follow in one line, but I shall explain. A musical note is, as is well known, caused by a rapid vibration; the more rapid the vibration the higher is the pitch of the note. For instance, I have a tooth-wheel which I can turn round very rapidly if I wish. Now that it is turning slowly you can hear the separate teeth knocking against a card that I am holding in the other hand. I am now turning faster, and the card is giving out a note of a low pitch. As I make the wheel turn faster and faster, the pitch of the note gradually rises, and it would, if I could only turn fast enough, give so high a note that we should not be able to hear it. A tuning-fork vibrates at a certain definite rate, and therefore gives a definite note. The fork now sounding vibrates 128 times in every second. The nozzle, therefore, is made to vibrate, but almost imperceptibly, 128 times a second, and to impress upon the issuing cylinder of water 128 imperceptible waists every second. Now it just depends what size the jet is, and how fast the water is issuing, whether these waists are about four and a half diameters apart in the cylinder. If the jet is larger, the water must pass more quickly, or under a greater pressure, for this to be the case; if the jet is finer, a smaller speed will be sufficient. If it should happen that the waists so made are anywhere about four diameters apart, then, even though they are so slightly developed that if you had an exact drawing of them you would not be able to detect the slightest change of diameter, they will grow at a great speed, and therefore the water column will break up regularly, every drop will be like the one behind it, and like the one in front of it, and not all different, as is the case when the breaking of the water merely depends upon accidental tremors. If the drops then are all alike in every respect, of course they all follow the same path, and so appear to fall in a continuous stream. If the waists are about four and a half diameters apart, then the jet will break up most easily; but it will, as I have said, break up under the influence of a considerable range of notes, which cause the waists to be formed at other distances, provided they are more than three diameters apart. If two notes are sounded at the same time, then very often each will produce its own effect, and the result is the alternate formation of drops of different sizes, which then make the jet divide into two separate streams. In this way, three, four, or even many more distinct streams may be produced.

I can now show you photographs of some of these musical fountains, taken by the instantaneous flash of an electric spark, and you can see the separate paths described by the drops of different sizes (Fig. 46). In one photograph there are eight distinct fountains all breaking from the same jet, but following quite distinct paths, each of which is clearly marked out by a perfectly regular series of drops. You can also in these photographs see drops actually in the act of bouncing against one another, and flattened when they meet, as if they were india-rubber balls. In the photograph now upon the screen the effect of this rebound, which occurs at the place marked with a cross, is to hurry on the upper and more forward drop, and to retard the other one, and so to make them travel with slightly different velocities and directions. It is for this reason that they afterwards follow distinct paths. The smaller drops had no doubt been acted on in a similar way, but the part of the fountain where this happened was just outside the photographic plate, and so there is no record of what occurred. The very little drops of which I have so often spoken are generally thrown out from the side of a fountain of water under the influence of a musical sound, after which they describe regular little curves of their own, quite distinct from the main stream. They, of course, can only get out sideways after one or two bouncings from the regular drops in front and behind. You can easily show that they are really formed below the place where they first appear, by taking a piece of electrified sealing-wax and holding it near the stream close to the nozzle and gradually raising it. When it comes opposite to the place where the little drops are really formed, it will act on them more powerfully than on the large drops, and immediately pull them out from a place where the moment before none seemed to exist. They will then circulate in perfect little orbits round the sealing-wax, just as the planets do round the sun; but in this case, being met by the resistance the air, the orbits are spirals, and the little drops after many revolutions, ultimately fall upon the wax, just as the planets would fall into the sun after many revolutions, if their motion through space were interfered with by friction of any kind.

(To be Continued.)

POWER.

Have you read the book of Frederick S. Arnot, the African explorer, and pioneer of the missionary cause? You will be surprised at first at the readiness with which the savages listened to his story of God the Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour. But I think you will find the secret in one of his lion stories. In passing one day with his black 'lads' through a clump of reedy grass, a great lion sprang at the hindermost lad, who was carrying the mat and blanket. With lightning quickness Arnot threw himself so as to cover the boy's body, and the brute, confused by the movement, sprang several feet short of his victim, too close to Arnot for him to use his gun. The natives fled like deer, and the traveller's fate seemed sealed. But 'Daniel's God is still the same to us,' he writes in his diary. The lion himself became 'rattled,' and made off. 'I'd go anywhere with a white man who throws his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account,' said the tribe's chief. There it is! You can wield almost miraculous power over men, when you can prove that you count not your own life dear, if only you render high service to God and your fellow.

HIS FAITHFULNESS.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

A timid little soul was I
E'en from my earliest years
My head was prone to questionings
And tremulous with fears.

How can I cross this narrow space
Of earth? I oft would say:
How can I all these dangers face,
These foes that throng my way?

I loved my work, and yet I feared
I could not do it well:
And dread of failure or mistake
Hung o'er me like a spell.

One day I cried, 'Lord, let me go
To your bright, heavenly sphere,
Where dread of failure shall not blight
Nor doubt oppress, nor fear.'

'No, no, my child,' in gentle tone
He whispered, 'lest you miss
Life's choicest lesson—faith's sweet rest;
The triumph-work of grace.

'Lo, I am with you all the days,
And will be to the end:
Put your weak hand within my own,
And on my strength depend.

'I'll go with you through all the way,
To hold and help and teach;
And some sweet day, the work all done,
You heaven you shall reach.'

Glad hour, when Jesus took my hand,
And clasped me to his heart!
His love has never failed me since,
And never will depart.

Trust him, ye timid little souls;
Trust him, ye aged saints:
Our God the universe controls,
And never tires or faints.

Have ye not known, have ye not heard,
How strong he is, and true?
The hand that holds and rules the stars
Will guide us safely through.

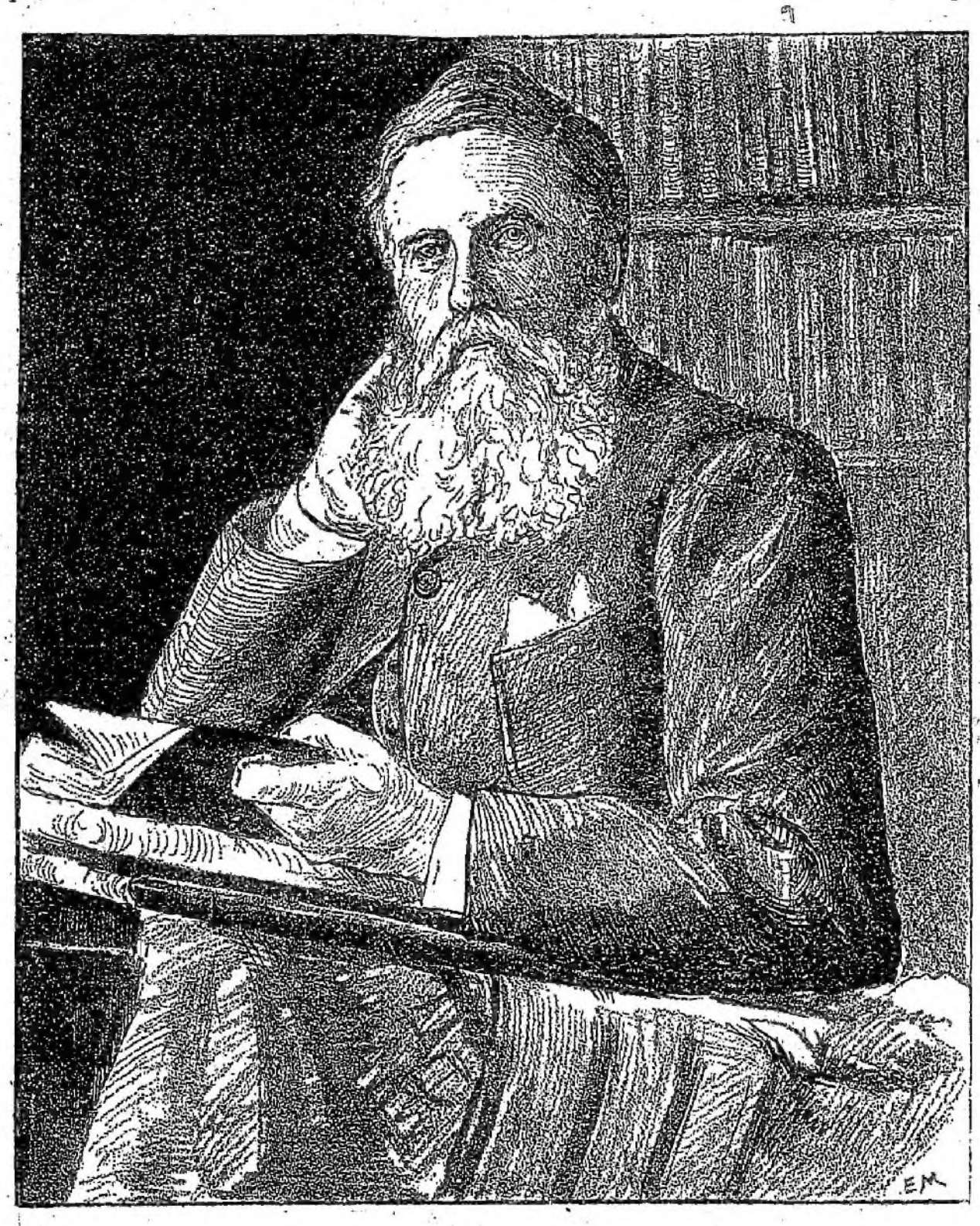
Come magnify the Lord with me;
Let us exalt his name;
His tender love and faithfulness
Our gladdest praises claim.

—*American Messenger.*

THE LATE R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the well-known author of boys' books of adventure, died in Rome early in February last, where he had gone in October for his health. Mr. Ballantyne had been engaged in authorship for something like forty years, and had produced well on to a hundred books, the greater portion of which are tales. Mr. Ballantyne did not scamp his work, but always took trouble to get his facts at first hand. His first story, 'The Young Fur Traders,' he wrote after spending six years in the wilderness of North America. He went to Algiers, and wrote 'The Pirate City;' he spent a couple of weeks on the North Sea with the deep-sea fishermen, and wrote 'The Young Trawler;' he sat up for a fortnight or so with the London fire men, and went out in costume to a fire almost every night, and then produced 'Fighting the Flames' and 'Life in the Red Brigade.' Again, Ballantyne lived a couple of weeks in the Bell Rock Lighthouse, and the result was 'The Lighthouse;' he spent a similar period on the lightship off the Goodwin Sands, and wrote 'The Floating Light;' and he went down the deepest of the tin mines, and the sequel was 'Deep Down: a Tale of the Cornish Mines.'

These experiences were not without their dangers. Once he was caught by the tide on the Goodwin Sands, where he had gone alone to make a sketch, and almost lost his life. Mr. Ballantyne was a stalwart Scotchman, with a singularly handsome face and a very winning manner. He lived at Harrow, and some of his pictures were hung only the other day in an exhibition of works by Harrow artists.



R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Boys in the present day, says the *Times*, have much to be thankful for. They are better treated in a thousand ways than their predecessors were half a century ago, and more perhaps in their books than in anything else. In no other department is there a more marked contrast between the present and the past, between tales for the young as they used to be and as they are now. Those of our readers whose memories can carry them back to the old days will be in no doubt as to the change which has been brought about. They will remember a time when boys' bookshelves were slenderly furnished with reading-matter of any kind, and when they hardly owned a volume, except the immortal 'Robinson Crusoe,' which boys of the present day would not so much as condescend to look at. Miss Edgeworth's Tales were among the best, and are not wholly out of favor yet, though they no longer stand in anything like the front rank. But can we say as much as this for 'Sandford and Merton,' for 'The Fairchild Family,' or for the well-meant efforts of Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Cameron? For Sunday reading there was the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of immortal fame, but when this was exhausted there was little else, except possibly some tracts on the evils of Sabbath-breaking or of drinking and profane swearing. The present generation of boys is more lavishly supplied. It has command of the services of half a dozen first-class writers, and of half a hundred others. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne is but one of the great hosts. We must add the names of Kingston, and Henty, and Jules Verne to the list; and though Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard do not write only for boys, we have had boys' stories from both of them, and stories such as boys love.

It may be thought that there is danger in the profusion; that with so many books to choose from the choice will often not be of the best, and that an age of careless, inattentive, desultory half-reading will succeed an age in which every book that was worth reading had to be read a dozen times over, and in which a good many books had to be read that were not worth reading at all. We are not sure that it is a danger much to be feared. Boys are not now the passive recipients of literature furnished for their use. They have become a critical race, with rules and canons of their own construction to which books must conform if they are to read them. They are a gregarious race, too. The word is soon passed from one to another of them what books are and what are not to be read, and though they may not always follow the best guides, it is something that they will submit to be guided, and, most important of all, that, pick and choose as they will, they will find nothing mischievous or debasing in any of the books written for them and likely to come into their hands. Their instincts will usually be correct. They are no hypocrites in their pleasures. They know what they like, and they turn with confidence to books which come out recommended by the right name. It is certain that a great deal of what is written for them misses its mark and falls flat and unappreciated. Ballantyne they could always trust, and their choice of him as a chief favorite is no small proof of their discernment and of their literary good sense.

THE ROMANCE OF PRAYER

REV. R. H. HOWARD, PH.D.

Many years ago a burglary was attempted at an old-fashioned house in the southern part of England. The lady occupying this house, according to her custom, had retired to her room for the night. Presently, to her horror, she became aware of the fact that there was a man under her bed. What did she do? She did not faint; she did not scream; she did not even go to her door to unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect she was about to summon help and intercept her. With rare presence of mind and wonderful self-control she sat down, took her Bible, and opening it almost at random, lighted on the parable of the Prodigal Son. Kneeling, when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud—not mechanically, but with unusual earnestness and fervor, beseeching safety for herself during the perils of the night, and casting herself, in supreme confidence, on the Divine protection. Then she prayed for others who might have been tempted into ill-doing; that they might be led from evil and brought into the fold of Christ; that to such might be vouchsafed the tender mercy and kindness promised to all who truly repent of their sins. Lastly, she prayed that, if He willed it, even to-night some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come, might, like the Prodigal, be made to see that he had sinned, and so be welcomed back with the joy that awaits even one penitent. The lady then arose from her knees and went to bed. As noiselessly as possible the man got up, passed through the bed-room door, unlocking it with some difficulty, opened a window, and dropped into the garden.

Years passed; and this lady, while visiting a friend in the north of England, was asked, one day, to go and hear, in a certain Dissenting place of worship, a minister who was understood to be a 'reformed' man. She consented. In the course of his sermon this minister related, exactly as they occurred, the foregoing surprising incidents. At the close of the service the lady referred to sought and obtained an introduction to the preacher, and asked him who had told him that story. After some hesitation he admitted that he was himself the burglar; but that the intrepid lady's earnest supplication and tender intercession in that crisis sank so deep into his heart that, then and there, he resolved not only to abandon his guilty design, but withal to forsake his wicked life altogether and seek the salvation of his soul. To that resolution, thus formed, he had steadfastly adhered, and to her was owing whatever good he had been able to do as a minister of the Gospel. The feelings of the preacher, on learning that the person he was then addressing was the very lady to whom he owed so much, may be 'better imagined than described.' Surely, the ways of Providence are often as wonderful as they are beneficent; while on the power of prayer hinges the majestic evolutions of His will.

The world of fiction, perhaps, scarcely contains a more thrilling chapter than the following incident which, more than a quarter of a century ago, according to the *Christian at Work*, marked the life of the Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister of the village of Watertown, N. Y.:

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a sermon, when hearing a noise behind him, he at once became conscious of the presence of some one in the room. 'What is the matter?' he exclaimed, and, turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing all the occupants were at that hour locked in slumber.

'Give me your watch and money, and make no noise, or I will fire,' hissed the villain. 'You may as well put down your weapon,' calmly replied the minister. 'I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess.' The burglar withdrew the menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee continued: 'I will conduct you to the place where my most valuable treasures may be found.' He opened the door and pointed to the cot where his two children were slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace. 'These,' said he, 'are my choicest jewels; will you take them?'

He then proceeded to say that, as a minister of the Gospel, he had few earthly possessions, and all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act he had been about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join with the good pastor in prayer; and then, in that lonely house at the silent mid-night hour, this offender poured forth his penitence and remorse, while the representative of the religion of peace and good-will, pointing him to Jesus the sinner's Friend, bade him 'go and sin no more.' —*Zion's Herald.*

ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

'A young girl went from home,' writes Mr. Sangster, 'to a large school where more than usual freedom of action and less than customary restraints were characteries of the management. She found very little decided religious life there—an atmosphere, upon the whole, unfavorable to Christian culture. But she had given herself to the Lord for all that she was worth, and she could live nowhere without letting her light shine. In a very short time she found two or three congenial spirits, more timid than herself, but equally devoted. A little prayer meeting began to be held once a week in her room. On Sundays, in the afternoon, a few of the girls came together to study the Bible. Before the half year was over, the hallowed flame had swept from heart to heart, and there was a revival in that school.'

A Weak Mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.—*Anon.*

BESIDE HIMSELF.

For seven years we had been praying that F—— J—— might be led to seek Christ as his Saviour. He knew quite well that mother, sisters, friends, longed for his conversion to God; but he merely laughed at, sometimes he ridiculed, what he called our 'extremely bad taste in pushing on a fellow what he did not want.'

'I am not going to say anything against religion for women; it keeps them in order, and does them good, I daresay. But, if you want to make me believe it will do me any good to embrace a set of new beliefs just for the luxury of feeling I am a sinner, why, you will have to do it when I'm beside myself, that is all.'

That is how he would talk to us; not because he was ever asked or advised to 'embrace' anything, because he never was. We always abstained from 'talking goody' to him, as he called it, believing that, in his case, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.'

He married. A good, kind, simple little woman his wife was, but she made no pretence of caring for 'things that accompany salvation' any more than her husband did. To some of us it seemed, then, as if our praying could not be of 'the effectual, fervent' kind, since, as yet, it had availed nothing, and we resolved to give ourselves more earnestly, definitely, and constantly to prayer on his behalf than hitherto. This we did, but we never spoke of it outside our own praying circle. One of our number said, one day, 'I don't feel as if I can pray any longer. Here is F—— worse than ever he was; he now boasts openly of doing things he was once ashamed of, and A—— (his wife) says that he has begun to ill-treat her, and he bets away all the money he can earn. Some people elect to go to the devil, and F—— is one of them. I can't pray for him. We were sorry for this, but we resolved to pray more ardently than ever, for, we argued, it is all very well for a man to 'elect to go to the devil,' but God is stronger than the devil, and if he will save a man, not all the devils in hell or out can prevent it. So we continued praying. Then we heard some very bad things about F—— J——. He certainly seemed to have a faculty for taking the downward road in everything he did. Finally, we knew he had left his home, deserted his wife and little child, leaving no word behind him.

Two of us went to see the poor little wife. She was overcome with sorrow; the world seemed a very black lonely place, to her. She said:

'I don't know which way to turn—all seems dark.'

'Turn to God, dear,' we said. 'You will find he will never fail you. Just cast all your care upon him.'

'How you talk!' she said. 'As if I'm going to do a shabby thing like that—run to him when I'm in trouble, when I've not given him a thought in my happiness! No.'

'Poor child!' we said, drawing her to us, 'don't you know that God is our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble? It will be more shabby to keep away from him.' We left her a little comforted—for had we not pointed her to the Comforter—and we went home to pray for F—— and her. We said, as the clock was striking nine:

'Let us spend the night in prayer. F—— must be needing help more than ever, and who knows if he may not be tired of himself to-night, and longing for help and comfort?'

So we prayed. At half-past eleven we felt we could pray no longer—a wonderful uplifting of heart filled us; it was as if sunshine had come into the room, and we felt that we must praise God for F——'s sake. This we did, and with a happy sense of liberty and light, and an outspoken belief that F—— had got a blessing, we retired for the night.

At about seven the next evening F—— and his wife came. It seemed as if we had expected them, for we greeted them with the words, 'We were not quite sure what time to expect you!' They looked at one another.

'Why, how did you know?' they asked. 'Do you know?'

'We felt you were happy,' we said, 'and we have been thanking and praising God for you. But we know nothing.' They looked surprised, but as if they perfectly understood, and then F—— told us how it was. I will give it in his own words: 'I had had a wretched day; something seemed to dog my steps, and make me more hopeless and wretched than usual, and at last I thought the best thing I could do for myself and others would be to quietly end it all in the river. I went down to the dock and hung about, but there were so many people about, and one or two watching me, that I resolved to waste no more time there, but to go to one of the bridges and fling myself over in a pause in the foot traffic.

'I started to do this, but as I stalked along in the pouring rain I saw a very bright lamp hanging over a doorway, and a cosy shelter just inside the outer door. It seemed a queer thing to do for a man who was going into the river just to stand up from the rain, but I felt obliged to do so. Presently there was a shuffling of many feet, and some strong, rough voices began to sing. I opened the inner door just the least bit, and saw (though they could not see me) two or three hundred people standing and singing. I caught the words of the song, too; they struck me as being more appropriate than elegant—

Come to the Saviour, make no delay.

But I think differently about them already. Then a man began to speak to the people, and he spoke from the words, "The foolishness of God is wiser than men."

'I listened with all my might, and as time went on it became a matter of life or death to me. I squeezed myself silently into the room, and on a seat by the door I listened unnoticed. By the time the man had finished I was beside myself' (here we exchanged glances, for he had said he must be 'beside himself' before he could believe!), 'longing for pardon, cleansing, and peace. It was now nine o'clock' (we remembered that hour—it was then we were moved to special prayer), 'but I felt I must speak to that man or I should go mad. I waited till all had left, and told the preacher how I felt. He was a good fellow, and though it was getting late, he said he would not leave me.

'He took me home with him, prayed with me, read to me, but all the time I felt as if I must be lost—there could be no hope for me. Suddenly, while he was praying for me, my lips were unlocked, and I burst into thanksgiving—every burden of sin rolled away, and I was in the light! It was now half-past eleven' (again we noted the time), 'and I longed, yet feared to go home to poor A——. I ran all the way, and outside the house I paused. Perhaps A—— would regard me as a madman. I saw a light in the window, and peered through the blinds. I saw at a glance that A—— had been reading the Bible—she saw that something had come to me, and that I was not the same man who had run away from her.

'She had found pardon; owing to the words you had spoken to her, she had gone to God for comfort, but found she wanted to get rid of the load of sin before even she could be comforted. And she cast it all on the Lord, and found peace. But then she was afraid of me. If I came back, as she hoped, she dreaded my opposition.

'When I knew I was pardoned, my first thought was of her. "How she will ridicule me, after all my holding out!" I said to myself. But here we were, both of one mind, both of one faith; I could scarce believe it.'

'You said you would have to be beside yourself before you could know yourself to be a sinner,' we reminded him.

'It was quite true,' he said, 'only not in the way I meant. I can only praise God for leading me to where I am, and for giving you all such a real grasp of the power of prayer.'—*The Christian.*

GOD DID IT.

An old mother who had reared a large family was commended for her success in bringing them up so well. 'Hush,' she said, hastily and earnestly, 'I felt so incompetent that I trusted in God. He did the work, and now I feel that it would be ignoble in me to allow you to commend me for what he has done.' Trust in him, and he shall 'bring it to pass.' Give him your heart, that it may be his temple. Give him your home, that he may be the ruler of your household, and so meet the experiences of life trustfully, hopefully.

TOM.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

Never did any one have a better start in life than Tom. Born of Christian parents, he inherited from them no bad defects, moral or physical. He was built on a liberal plan, having a large head, large hands, large feet, large body, and within all, a heart big with generosity. His face was the embodiment of good nature, and his laugh was musical and infectious. Being an only child there was no one to share with him the lavish love of his parents. They saw in him nothing less than a future President of the United States, and they made every sacrifice to fit him for his coming position. He was a prime favorite with all, and being a born leader, he was ungrudgingly accorded that position by his playmates at school and his fellows at the University. He wrestled with rhetoric, and logic, and political economy, and geometry, and came off an easy victor; he put new life into the dead languages, dug among the Greek roots by day and soared up among the stars by night. None could outstrip him as a student, and he easily held his place at the head of his class. The dullest scholar found in him a friend and a helper, while the brighter ones found in his example, an incentive to do their best.

In athletic sports, too, he was excelled by none. He could run faster, jump higher, lift a dumb-bell easier, strike a ball harder, and pull as strong an oar as the best of them. He was the point of the flying wedge in the game of football, and woe be to the opponent against whom that point struck. To sum it all up, Tom was a mental and physical giant, as well as a superb specimen of what that college could make out of a young man. But unfortunately, it was one of those institutions that developed the mental, trained the physical, and starved the spiritual, and so it came to pass ere his college days were ended, Tom had an enemy, and that enemy was the bottle.

The more respectable you make sin, the more dangerous it is. An old black bottle in the rough hand of the keeper of a low dive, would have no power to cause a clean young man to swerve from the right course, but he is a hero ten times over, who can withstand the temptation of a wine glass in the jewelled fingers of a beautiful young lady. Tom's tempter came in the latter form, and she who might have spurred him on to the highest goal, and whispered in his ear, 'look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright,' started him down a course which made him learn from a terrible experience that 'at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Does any one call a glass of wine a small thing? Read Tom's story and then call it small, if you dare! Whatever he did was done with his might, drinking not excepted. He boasted of his power to drink much and keep sober, while he laughed at the companions who imbibed far less and went to bed drunk. At first Tom was the master and the bottle his slave, but in three years' time they changed places. When too late, his parents discovered that the college had sent back to them a ripe scholar, a trained athlete and a drunkard. The mother tried to save her son, but failing in every effort, her heart broke and she died with Tom's name on her lips. The father, weighed down under the dead sorrow and the living trouble, vainly strove to rescue his son, and was found one night in the attitude of prayer, kneeling by the side of the bed where his wife's broken heart a few months before had ceased to beat. He died praying for his boy!

One evening as the sun was setting, a man stood leaning against the fence along one of the streets of a certain city. His clothes were ragged, his hands and face unwashed, his hair uncombed and his eyes bleared; he looked more like a wild beast hunted and hungry, than a human being. It was Tom. The boys gathered about him, and made him the object of their fun and ridicule. At first he seemed not to notice them, but suddenly he cried out: 'Cease your laughter until you know what you are laughing at. Let me talk to my Master while you listen.'

He pulled a bottle from his pocket, held it up, and looking at it with deep hatred flashing from his reddened eyes, he said:

'I was once your Master; now I am your slave. In my strength you deceived me; in my weakness you mock me. You have burned my brain, blistered my body, blasted my hopes, bitten my soul and broken my will. You have taken my money, destroyed my home, stolen my good name, and robbed me of every friend I ever had. You killed my mother, slew my father, sent me out into the world a worthless vagabond, until I find myself a son without parents, a man without friends, a wanderer without a home, a human being without sympathy, and a pauper without bread. Deceiver, mocker, robber, murderer—I hate you! Oh, for one hour of my old-time strength, that I might slay you! Oh, for one friend and some power to free me from this slavery!'

The laugh had ceased and the boys stood gazing on him with awe. A young lady and gentleman had joined the company just as Tom began this terrible arraignment of his Master, and as he ceased, the young lady stepped up to him and earnestly said: 'You have one friend and there is one power that can break your chains and set you free.'

Tom gazed at her a moment and then said:

'Who is my friend?'

'The King is your friend,' she answered.

'And pray, who are you?' said Tom.

'One of the King's Daughters,' was the reply, 'and "In His Name" I tell you he has power to set you free.'

'Free, free did you say? But, you mock me. A girl with as white a hand and as fair a face as yours, delivered me to my Master.'

'Then, in the name of the King whose daughter am I, even Jesus Christ the Lord, let the hand of another girl lead you to him who came to break the chains of the captive and set the prisoner free.'

Tom looked at the earnest face of the pleading girl, hesitated a while, as his lip quivered and the big tears filled his eyes, and then suddenly lifting the bottle high above his head, he dashed it down on the pavement, and as it broke into a thousand pieces, he said:

'I'll trust you, I'll trust you, Lead me to the King!'

And lead him she did, as always a King's Daughter will lead one who sorely needs help. His chains were broken, and at twenty-nine years of age Tom began life over again. He is not the man he might have been, but no one doubts his loyalty to the King. His place in the prayer circle is never vacant, and you can always find him in the ranks of those whose sworn purpose it is to slay Tom's old Master, King Alchohol!—*Christian Herald.*

OUT OF THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

In the spring of last year a young Spaniard came frequently to the services at the Soldiers' Mission, Gibraltar. One evening, the superintendent, seeing a small New Testament in his hand, thought he recognized the book, and asked him how it came into his possession. The young fellow replied that his father was a mason, and that when working at the telegraph office, two or three years ago, he had found the book in a basket of waste paper. He had brought it home and given it to his son, who began to read it, at first without much interest, but, after nearly three years, he saw Christ crucified for him, and light, and peace, and joy came to his heart.

The previous history of the Testament is interesting. In 1888 a friend of Mrs. Todd Osborne, from whose correspondence we take the narrative, when at Mogador, was entrusted with a small sum of money with which to buy Spanish Testaments. The gentleman who gave the money desiring that certain verses in each copy should be interlined with red ink to attract the reader's attention, a soldier at Gibraltar copied the marks from a specimen Testament, and the books, when ready, were distributed through a Spanish Christian at Algesiras. The little book in M. G.'s hand proved to be one of these red-marked Testaments. Some one made a mistake in giving it to one who threw it into the waste-paper basket; but He who makes no mistakes had it conveyed to the right man after all.

Sorry and Happy
The girls in white dresses and laces,
Put on the most sorrowful faces,
In chorus they sadly complained,
"How sorry we are that it rained!"
The roses grew red in their blushes,
The lilies rejoiced in the rushes;
In chorus they gladly exclaimed,
"How happy we are that it rained!"
THSTAUFFER

STORY BY A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.

During the sixth moon Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her, because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but often my feet ached so I wished in my heart that I had boy's feet too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the mission school; but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, 'Why don't you get angry and scold like you used to do?'

'Because Jesus said, "Love your enemies."'

'Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?'

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Every one went to see her house after she trimmed it up with bright picture cards. She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said: 'Ask Wen Shan to bring the Bible book over here and read it to me. I want to hear about her Jesus God.'

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her god must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins. One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare many mansions and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, 'That is very nice for the foreigners.'

But Wen Shan said, 'he is heaven's Lord, our Heavenly Father. We are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans.'

'Do you think there is a heaven for me too?' said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart

'Yes, surely there is.'

'But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he will not want me in his fine mansions,' said grandma.

After a while I noticed that grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with some one I could not see.

When cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, 'She cannot live long.' My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their gongs and drums to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her.

Mother put the brass pin in her hand so that she could rap on the gate of the other world, and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said, 'Send Ling Ze to that Jesus school.' Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad, but she did not seem to see us.

'O look! look! The door is open! O how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion! So big! There is room for all of us! I'll go first and wait for you!'

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor. I was so sorry for grandma until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A BOY WHO HAS NEVER SEEN A SALOON.

Mr. F. P. Baker, of Topeka, Kan., who edited the *Commonwealth* for twenty-five years, was recently interviewed by a representative of one of the great dailies that defend the saloons. Mr. Baker was known to have been an anti-prohibitionist, and it was supposed that, of course, he would reveal the failure and inefficiency of prohibition in Kansas. He would know all about it. And it did seem so, for he said: 'I fought prohibition for years. It was adopted in spite of my best efforts, and I have now seen it work. Let me tell you, Kansas will never go back to the open saloon. If the question were re-submitted to-day prohibition would have a majority of 50,000 votes. The Eastern people talk about prohibition, not prohibiting. It doesn't. If I want a drink in Topeka I can get it. But the saloon is gone. I have a grandson growing up who has never seen a saloon. Isn't that a good thing? The saloon and the crowd of ward workers are no longer a political power. That alone is worth all prohibition has cost. Thousands of men who fought the measure the hardest have been converted as I have been. There isn't the possibility of a repeal of the law.'

MATIE.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE SILL.

Hearing a timid little knock upon the door, it was opened, and we saw standing there a little girl, who said:

'I want to come in, please.'

The face of the child was fair, with large hazel eyes, which reminded one of a young fawn.

'I wanted to come in, 'cause Harry said this was a home where no one ever was drunk. I wanted to know how it would seem, please, 'cause papa always gets drunk, and over at Tina's house her papa does, too.'

'Where is your other shoe, and what is your name, little girl?' I said to her.

'My name is Matie. Papa threw one of my shoes in the fire last night. Oh, it was awful last night. Papa put the baby up on a high shelf, and said it must learn to take care of its own self. And the dear little thing reached out its hands and made such a sorry cry for some one to take it down. But papa would not let mamma when she wanted to, and turned to push her away; while his back was turned Harry took down the baby and ran away. Papa started after Harry, but was so drunk he fell down, so Harry got clear away.'

'What made your papa put the baby up on the shelf?' was asked.

''Cause he cried when no was hungry. He don't cry when he has enough to eat, 'cause when Mrs. Barker gave him some milk, he never cried the leastest mite all day. Mamma tells me never to cry, 'cause if I do I'll never grow to be a woman. I s'pect baby will grow to be a man if he does cry. Don't you think womens has a harder time than men?'

Could it be possible this mite of humanity had been long enough in this world to learn so much?

'I don't want to grow to be a woman, though!' and there came a pitiful little sigh, and the small frame quivered.

'Tell me why, dear?'

''Cause womens has to marry men, and they get drunk!'

On being told a woman did not have to marry if she did not choose to—not unless she loved some one better than all the world beside—and he was good, and did not drink, Matie looked up at me with those large questioning eyes and said:

'Truly?'

'Yes, truly.'

It would have done one good to have seen the pale little face grow luminous as she said:

'Then I do want to grow to be a woman!'

Matie was given all she wanted to eat, another shoe was placed upon the small foot, and the child went out from us feeling comforted.

We left for the South soon afterward, not returning until the end of the winter. Our traveling garments had scarcely been laid aside when Matie's brother, Harry, came over saying:

'Matie is dying, and wants to see you.'

'How did it happen? Has Matie been ill?'

'Father pushed her over, and she was injured internally, the doctor says.'

When we arrived poor little Matie was in great distress, yet she knew me, and tried to speak.

'Does Matie know she is dying?' her mother was asked.

'I guess not. I hated to tell the poor darling,' and the mother burst out in an agony of grief.

Leaning down close to Matie, I said: 'Do you wish to go to heaven, dear?'

'Who said I was going away? I wanted to grow to be a woman—after you told me—and now—I—never' and the large hazel eyes were turned upon her father, with a look of such pitiful pleading it would have touched a heart of stone.

'Oh, Matie, child, stay! Stay, and I promise you upon my knees I'll never touch a drop of liquor again!' and the man was upon his knees with the deep fountain of his heart broken up.

It did seem as though Matie understood. For a smile dawned upon her face, although it might have been because of the knowledge of the glory beyond.

'It's always so!' sobbed the man. 'The innocent suffer for the guilty. From Calvary down it's always been so.'

Beside the body of little Matie, in the marble-like repose of death, the father signed the pledge.

The offering of her pure spirit had breathed a new life and earnestness of purpose within her father's heart.—*Union Signal.*

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The Rev. E. E. Hale relates the following incident in the *Cosmopolitan*: 'A certain woman, a hard-worked library assistant, observed one day that a little Irish boy who came for his books was following along the poorest line of story books which that library would offer. She thought, and thought rightly, that he had had enough of them. She called him behind her desk and showed him a handsomely illustrated book of butterflies. She asked him if he had ever seen any butterflies or moths, and made him remember and tell her about them. She asked him if he would not like to know more about them, and then promised that, if he would bring some one companion, she would let them see some of the elegant illustrated books which bore on that matter. When the little roughs came, she had ready for them some of the tempting books which are now printed, suited to the capacities of children, and she started them on a new career. Before a great while she had the pleasure of seeing that they were themselves watching the insects which they could readily enough find on the Common or in the parks of Boston, were making their own collections, and in short were started as naturalists, with a hobby, with an enthusiasm, with some notion of higher life and study than they had before.

'Here is a little story of what one person found it in her power to do in the real business of education. That is, she engaged herself in discovering a latent faculty; she brought that faculty out, she unfolded it, and at this hour there are half a dozen young men happier, stronger, better, and of larger life, because she was willing to turn aside from the routine of book delivery to take one of them into her counsels and to start him heavenward while there was a chance of his going the other way.'

WITHOUT WINE SAUCE.

A young man sat at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman, 'Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?' 'Yes,' was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused at the mention of the wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said, 'Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.' 'Without wine sauce,' came the young man's reply. Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her, 'I want to thank you for doing me a great favor.' She looked astonished. 'You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the dinner table, "Pudding without wine sauce, if you please."' He then told her of his struggle against strong drink and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example. —*New York Evangel.*

A REMARKABLE CANVASSER.

Probably the most remarkable distributer of Bibles that ever lived was Deacon William Brown, of New Hampshire. In 1849, he began his work, and kept it up until he died, year before last, at the age of seventy-six. During the two years before his death, he canvassed two hundred and thirty-nine towns, visiting more than eighty thousand families. He gave away at least one hundred and twenty thousand copies of the Bible during his life.

A TYPICAL CRITIC OF PROHIBITION.

BY NEAL DOW.

A gentleman from western New York was introduced at my home a few days ago: he wished, he said, for information about prohibition. I said: 'How long have you been in town?'—'I have been here a week.'

'Then you must have seen and heard enough to enable you to form an opinion of it. What do you think of it?'—'I think it is a failure.'

'Where are you stopping?'—'At the Falmouth Hotel.'

'Do they sell liquor there?'—'No; I tried to get some and could not.'

'Did you try anywhere else?'—'Yes. I went to the 'Preble' and they would not let me have any.'

'Did you try anywhere else?—'Yes. I called at a druggist's and couldn't get any.'

'Did you try anywhere else?'—'I went to a barber's shop and asked if he could tell me where I could get a drink, and he said he did not know any such place.'

'Well, you've been here a week and have tried your best to get a drink and failed. Why do you think prohibition a failure?'—'One morning I was in the park and saw a drunken man with a bottle, and from that I saw that prohibition was a failure.'

'If you had seen in a morning paper an account of the conviction of a thief, would you conclude our criminal laws to be a failure and suggest their repeal and a license instead?'—'Oh, no; that is different.'

'Do you know if that drunken man came here from Boston in the early morning steamer with the bottle in his pocket or that he bought it here?'—'No, I do not know about that.'

'There is not 100th part so much liquor sold in Portland now as there was before the law, and the city is twice larger than it was then. Doesn't that indicate the law to be a great success?'—'No, to my mind it is a failure.'

'Consumption is a fatal disease; it kills all whom it attacks. Suppose somebody should announce a cure for it, and on trial it is found to cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, would you consider the remedy a failure or a success?' He made no answer, but took his hat and left.

'I said 'Good-morning' instead of 'What a fool you are.'

BUSINESS TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

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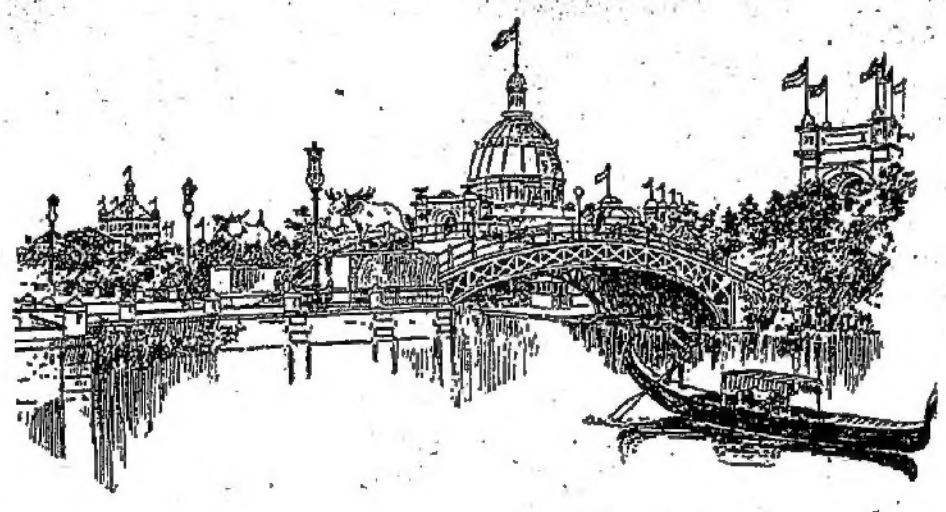

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